Research

Some Experience

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Experience of an individual is inherently subjective. These need to be generalised and then abstracted, before they could be incorporated into a computer program for simulation. Tiyapan (1997) suggested the study of Economics by modelling and simulation. With another paper written in Japan in 1998 but published some years later Tiyapan (2004) used Percolation theory to model and control road traffic. The two works together may lead to a simulation study of human and drug trafficking. In this chapter I record those things that I saw happened, some of which raise some questions. To each of these latter was then give an answer, which until proven otherwise had a possibility however small of being true. As a mere individual I was in no position to prove them, but I could study them by computer simulation and then compare the results with other non-sensitive data. We must bear in mind that questions are more important than answers, as pointed out by Tyabandha (2006). In Physics, for example, there are the gravitational theory of Newton, the general relativity theory of Einstein, and quantum mechanics. All of these work, but cover things at different scales, but in all Physics considers only one question, namely how to describe the behaviour of matter. Formerly this chapter contained no paragraph breaks. I introduced them on 21^{st}December 2014 to facilitate other researchers with the hope that they may be able to prove some of the answers I had given wrong.

I was an engineering student at Cuḷạlongkaurṇ̣ (Chulalongkorn) University in Bạngkạ̀uk (Bangkok) and came to the U.K. for the first time in Spring of 1989 when I worked at John Dallimore and Partners in Walton-on-Thames as an engineer trainee as required by one of the courses at the university. Spring 1990 found me a trainee through AIESEC to Hungary where I worked at Ganzinform in Budapest, again as an engineer trainee. At the end of my stay there I decided to travel by land to Warsaw where my flights to Bạngkạ̀uk from Budapest made a transfer, I wished to see more of possibly the last year of Eastern Europe. I got of a train at Praque and was standing in a queue to buy another ticket to Warsaw when I was approached by Tilo von Tresckow of 1 Leo Straße, Düsseldorf, West Germany, who had a car yet was standing in the same queue. He offered to drive me to Warsaw since he said it was on his way. Along the way he showed me Auschwitz. We visited Krakow and stopped along the way at places of his acquaintances who seemed to be numerous. One evening he made a homosexual pass to me but stopped when I firmly refused. Possibly that pass was in order that I would not tell others about him, for I would not want to reveal a friend's homosexuality lest he be persecuted for instance. I told him about my girlfriend in Bạngkạ̀uk who was then a student at Cuḷạlongkaurṇ̣ University. In Warsaw he parked his car in front of a flat building and told me where to put my rucksack and not to take them along with me. The car was broken into shortly after we had left the car, and the only thing lost was my rucksack, which contained all contact details of friends of mine including female students I met through AIESEC and also my girlfriend in Daiï (Thailand). Back in Thailand the woman I loved was soon married off I think through some transnational marriage agency to a Japanese business man. After that incident of 1990 I became interested in Risk Management and joined American International Assurance. I gave up a year later still liking the mathematics if not the means.

In 1992 I was the engineer for Loxley overlooking their bid to the Thai government to build waste water treatment plants across Bangkok. After graduation I worked for Telecom Asia where I was the Security Officer in charge of data security of their mainframe computers. I helped set up Security for their first mainframes. The job required a high level of integrity, and I left the company in a good note having trained two other security officers. I left Thailand in 1994 to do a masters degree at University of Manchester Institute of Science

and Technology. My father helped with half the cost, he had no other money to give after he die he said, the money was meant to be for my marriage but since the bride to be was trafficked the marriage could not be, I might as well use it for education.

Towards the end of my masters course at Control Systems Centre of UMIST in 1995 I came across two Thai cousins who married English women and settled down in Manchester doing Thai restaurants and Muay Thai. Woody the elder one owned Siam Orchid, the other Kriangsak Sirisambhand aka Krin owned Royal Orchid. I had background in Thai medieval weaponry and my school Śrị̣ Ȧyudhyạ was one of the best preserved ones well looked up to. The cousins wanted me to be their man. They let me sleep in a laundry room with three washing machines, next to their Muay Thai camp on the top floor above Siam Orchid. When I performed for them I received whatever Woody chose to give. Krin let me work in his restaurant where I was bullied by his Thai wife who was a manager, a kind of breaking in to make me submit to whatever other things they had in mind for me to do. Once that wife of his stole a large personal tip I handed over to her, a practice which she made a rule. That was the first time I witnessed polygamy. Woody wanted me to demand money from pupils he wanted me to teach, a practice that was contrary to the practice of Śrị̣ Ȧyudhyạ. Krin only wanted me to be his aide in kind. They promised me future, a house, a wife and anything I wanted. They would receive and keep lesson money for me, I would prosper under their patronage. I would not teach for pupils' money, but tried instead to satisfy them with my performance. They liked my performance of *blạungfai* or fire poles. With Woody's money I bought two heavy poles 55 or 60 mm in diameter, and cut the original length of 2,400 mm down to 2,000 mm. These I spun round in my practice in the boxing camp. Krin demanded that I taught him this and other things I knew. Difficult to decline in my situation I said that there was nothing I could do to stop anyone learning from videos they had taken during my performances. It seemed one day he had some accident, the nature of which I never knew but which may have something to do with those very poles. In 2003 I read some books written by Oliver Sacks, and in 2009 wondered whether his could have been some kind of frontal-lobe syndrome. Yet we still do not know what these actually are. Despite the bullying and the breaking-in I tried to save up any money I had for my Ph.D. There was one elderly woman working in the kitchen of Siam Orchid who knew no English. She saw the bullying and sympathised with me, she preferred Woody to Krin, whom she never trusted. She was informed, caught and deported; behind all this was possibly Krin.

At UMIST I was a volunteer for Community Action, which then was under John Black. I looked after elderlies, and regularly visited one, namely Clare Entwistle. I came across a textbook in the John Rylands Library on risks of commercial aeroplane hitting buildings. I mentioned this to Krin I think on the way back in his car from London where I had performed at their Muay Thai gathering at Australian House. I was then a copilot for him and Eddy, an ex-steward of Thai Airways who also once had worked for Krin was also strangely forced by circumstances to always have to return to him all his life, possibly a similar case to mine in my later experience, that is the former wanted him and so engineered it to be so. Krin was seemingly nodding off at the wheel, dangerously so that I tried to entertain him throughout with conversation. Eddy seemed asleep most of the way. I mentioned to him that you could calculate an exact harm an aeroplane would do to a building, though I wondered what was the chance of such thing happening the former normally operating on a different altitude than the latter. After the World Trade Center's twin towers had been hit by terrorists in a similar manner on 11^{th}September 2001 I looked up the book again and, having already forgotten about that first conversation had thought that I had seen that book for the first time, from where you had both the data and the formula needed to plan such atrocity. The conversation in the car had probably taken place because I remember it now in the context of Risk Analysis it was in, and coming from my experience being once an AIA agent who still tried to research on Risk Management. The lack of remembrance of the Twin-Tower massacre told me that the conversation occurred before that happened. The five-year gap

of an eventful time in Japan explained why I had seen no connection between the book I mentioned and that event. If I had come across that book for the first time after 2000 I would have immediately connected it to the massacre, instead of to Risk Management, my mishap in Warsaw and my AIA experience. Woody may have been genuinely surprised when he saw me again in Manchester in September 2000, but Krin probably had known as early as 1996 that I was in Japan. Some of these people seemed to have gained much from listening to what I said, yet used all they had learnt for their own set purposes of going to hell. Some of those whom I came across seemingly by chance in Japan, who brought with them strange experiences, for example Miss Megumi Ito and Mrs Hiroko Kawamorita may have been from these people.

The Japanese government had then allocated some fund for British students to research for a doctorate in Japan. At Japan Office of UMIST I applied through Amanda Levy and received a grant. One evening a Thai student friend of mine who studied piano at Royal Northern College of Music came to dine at Royal Orchid, at the time I was becoming disillusioned of Krin. She would visit me again, she said, and I did not know how to warn her off in front of the restaurant owner and his Thai wife. After she left they asked me who she was, what she did and where she lived; it was stupid of me that I told them what I knew. Soon later the bullying at the restaurant became unbearable, and I walked away from the restaurant one morning unannounced. I worked on my M.Sc. dissertation day and night and finished it just in time before I went to Japan. I tried to warn my pianist friend through one classmate of mine at the Control Systems Centre, Muhammad Asim from Lahore, who later wrote to me in Japan that he had failed to do so. The keys they gave me for the Muay Thai camp I threw into the canal at Gay Village on my way from UMIST to board a coach to go to the airport. What later happened I think was that Krin in his paranoia had my friend harmed either when she came asking for me at the restaurant or on the street, having seen my sudden disappearance somehow as a threat on his empire, not having understood that what he had seen me perform was strictly performance and never meant for harm.

I was in Japan three and a half years doing research towards a Doctorate of Engineering at Tokyo Institute of Technology in a research group of Professor Katsuhisa Furuta. The grant amounted approximately to (180000)(42) Yens, or £50,400. Here we take one pound sterling to be 150 Yens, or 50 Bahts. The present value of the Japanese grant using an interest rate of ten per cent according to the standard practice for engineering projects, is £210,542 the number of years being 15. If however we consider the nature and the importance of the problem we consider, namely a field in Language Engineering that would make more transparent the various written scripts of the world, especially to human operators, the benefit of which would include a better ease of detection and prevention of trafficking and terrorism, then the time value of the project would become higher. If we somehow replace all these benefits and the losses incurred because of a delayed completion of the project by the use of a higher value of the interest rate, then our present value after fifteen years become 22.07 million pound sterling at 50 per cent interest, or 1.652 thousand million pound sterling, that is to say, 1.652 billion pound sterling in usual terminology. To avoid such ridiculous figures the best thing for a small albeit important project like this is to try to complete them early. This present version of a section still needs to be improved, engineering works for all the languages concerned still need to be made. The Japanese grant mentioned came from $\overset{4224\ 41843042}{\text{Mon bu shō}}$. The name written thus is already exact using nothing but ASCII characters, for example the character $\overset{4224}{\text{Mon}}$. But so are $\asymp$ and $\overset{\asymp}{\text{Mon}}$ either one of which may suit a particular situation better than the former.

In June 1996 I visited a sister of mine in New York City where she was then an academic. She had an accident when she crossed the street from the car to buy some eggs at a grocery and on her way back tripped over some invisible wire put in place in the mean time specifically

to trap her, possibly by terrorists tailing me of whom I was still then unaware. She fell over, had some tendon in her thumb torn and needed to undergo a surgery. When I stood under the Twin Towers looking vertically up for a long time. After New York and an excursion to Nova Scotia I went to St Louis where I presented a paper at a conference in July. The terrorists probably had known that I was in Japan through a Ban Thai (Bậàn Daiï) restaurant at Futako Tamakawa in Japan, where I worked for some time in the kitchen to gain some cooking experience.

During the first half of 1997 I learnt Japanese archery $\overset{2161\ 3827}{\text{Kyū dō}}$, receiving a certificate dated 22 June 1997. Asian currency crisis began in Thailand on 11^{th}August 1997. I won the second prize team category in a $\overset{2161\ 3827}{\text{Kyū dō}}$ competition of $\overset{4460\ 2585}{\text{Meguro}}$ District of $\overset{3776\ 2194}{\text{Tōkyō}}$ on 14^{th}September 1997. In October 1997 I presented a paper titled *Modelling the Economics* at an ATACS conference in $\overset{3776\ 2194}{\text{Tōkyō}}$. November 1997 found me submitting two papers to Journal of Statistical Physics, namely *Modelling the Economics as Money Flow within Networks* and *Modelling Traffic Congestion*. There were neither replies nor responses to these submission, yet the ideas used in the second paper was appropriated by another group of authors who published their work later in that same journal. The fate of the brainchild of the first one remain unknown to me to this day.

Until 1997 Professor Furuta had wanted me to write my own programs for simulation from scratch, not using even for instance Matlab. That was a good thing to do if you were a lecturer, but which the time limit for Ph.D. students did not allow. However he bought Matlab in 1998, and with Simulink and M Script I gained some recognition from him for the first time at last, from my expertise in these. In April 1998 I worked for one month as an interpreter for some trade exhibition at Takashimaya.

Also in 1998 I went to New Zealand to attend one of my sister's wedding. After the wedding my Thai family joined me there; together we visited my New Zealand family and I showed them the country. We hired a car in Auckland, drove down to Wellington, crossed over to the South Island in a ferry where we picked up another car in Picton. Another car caught up and told us that our wheels wobbles, which proved not to be true. I got off to watch the car in motion from the outside, there were no wobbles but we returned and asked for another one anyway.

One year to go before the money from $\overset{4224\ 41843042}{\text{Monbushō}}$ stopped Professor Furuta wanted me to carry on after 1999 presumably under his other funds. I declined his offer seeing no needs then for a D.Eng. and wishing instead to help recover Asia's economy from Thailand. I left Japan in 1999 promising my supervisor to complete the project and thesis on my own, the remaining money from $\overset{4224\ 41843042}{\text{Monbushō}}$ I still had I would use towards that purpose. In Thailand two research jobs that had been promised me came to nothing. The whole country was in a panic, and there were no signed documents. Even if there had been written promises I wonder if they would have been kept. This was in contrast with Japan I had left behind, where signatures signified nothing in particular and yet simple words as far as I know were generally kept. So to France I went to do a masters of Mathematics in Economics at University of Paris I, the topic which was at least related to papers I had presented and submitted from Japan. I could have tried to make it to a Ph.D. from France as well as a D.Eng. from Japan had it not been for the sudden unexpected discovery that French keyboards had a different layout.

Still not yet a language engineer then I considered the risk of depleting the meagre remains of Japanese fund to no avail, so I decided to leave France for England and UMIST. In August 2000 from Thailand I still could access my files on computers in Japan. Came October 2000,

already installed in an office doing Language Engineering at UMIST and set towards a Ph.D. I tried but found that I could no longer reach those same files in Japan. When I asked the group at Tokyo Institute of Technology I was told that Professor Furuta had already retired, all my files had been lost and there were no backups. When I asked them after those files I only said that I was then doing a Ph.D. at UMIST and wished to resume my work for them to completion. I had not let them know that my Ph.D. topic at UMIST then was Language Engineering, a vastly different topic to Control Systems, and that I could not thus have thought of using any part of my work done under a Japanese fund in Japan for a Ph.D. of England. If I had been misunderstood I had not tried to explain myself at the time. Some time after that I met again my previous supervisor at UMIST and decided to postpone my interest in Language Engineering for the time being to carry to a Ph.D. the same project I had done with him for my M.Sc. dissertation. I had my own backup copies of my files in Japan, the trouble was that they were written on a Magneto-Optical disk under Linux, and MO's were not used in the U.K. I told my supervisor Professor Graham Davies about the MO containing my files from Japan which I could not access. He sent me to some very experts for Linux at UMIST, to whom I handed over both the MO, a MO drive and other hardware. One week later I was told that the files remained inaccessible, which sounded very convincing in deed. In the end throughout my Ph.D. in Manchester I had no access to my old works done in Japan, neither did I have the time to begin my Control Systems research for Japan from scratch. It was not until 2007, three years after I had already received a Ph.D. from University of Manchester, that with a help of one graduate from Japan whom I knew I could retrieve those files I had done while in Japan. Professor Davies may have been falsely accused of stealing me as a Ph.D. student from a Language Engineering group. If so then possibly the same terrorists who had been interested in me were possibly behind such accusation or any other trouble he may have faced. Leo Lue helped supervise my Ph.D. He introduced to my project an interesting ingredient of Continuum Percolation which, together with my work in Network Percolation done with Professor Davies reflects in the nature of my final thesis of a Continuum Percolation within Network Percolation.

For doing the Ph.D. I received a maintenance money from my supervisor Professor G. A. Davies That money approximately covered exactly all my spending between 2001 and 2004. By the time I had received my Ph.D. in 2004 I had decided to accept a teaching grant from Mȧhiḋol University in Bangkok for two years. At the beginning of 2005 I taught to gain experience for four months at Asian University in Thailand, the total income received was (1000)(4) or £4,000. From Mȧhiḋol University the grant for the lecturing gave me (200)(24) or £4,800. There was also a research grant I received from Mȧhiḋol University, amounting £2,000, which had all been spent and accounted for in the appendix of my research report for them titled *Singular Perturbation* (2007), the very same title that I had planned to do for Japan. Apart from these I had written some books and published them. But these book sales had not yet broken even, so there is no need to account for them unless we consider also small deficits. The Thai academic money totalling thus £8,800, which approximately cancelled out my overall expanses from 2005 to 2011, during which time I spent in both Thailand and the U.K. From these calculation there remained with me at the time I wrote this no other money apart from that originally received from Japan which was meant for the completion of a D.Eng. thesis for the same. Not having seen the cousins for five years in 2000 I found Krin busy luring Thai politicians, educators and universities to set up his empire in the U.K. All restaurant staffs with their dubious background and life-style were relocated to Woody's Siam Orchid in order to make his Royal Orchid presentable. He boasted connections by showing guests A4-sized photographs of himself taken with Tony Blair, and of himself also with Dakṣiṇ Jinvatr (Thaksin Shinawatra). He proved himself treacherous when he turned hostile towards the latter in his fall whom he had formerly fawned upon when in power, and may have indeed been behind that fall himself. He showed me off to academics and universities to hide his darker purposes; when he took me on a visit to Durham University they talked only about money instead of focussing on education.

In 2009 Krin's English wife Dianne said in my presence among themselves that her maiden name was Curran. Krin asked me unexpectedly what I knew about a terrorist organisation Aum Shin Rikkyo. I told them what I had learnt from the news, now they poisoned unopened drinks sold in some of those vending machines ubiquitous in Japan. I was writing a book in Moaï Daiï and Krin wanted me to turn the book into Muay Thai courses for him, in order as I later learnt to help him take over the world, he call his own English wife his slave. The book he wanted from me he wanted also to appropriate for his own, and he told me to put his name as the author. He planned to infiltrate National Vocational Qualification, then International Vocational Qualification, and by doing so in his own word to take over the world. He wanted me to be his man and offered me great future, which included an apprenticeship under a certain foreign minister of a government that had taken over Thailand by force, and considered me stupid when I showed no interest. He stole my letters from the bank, according to the account of Boy the husband of Bonny who was his niece by his Thai wife, his English wife Dianne did. They heard about my past grant for research in Japan and my intention to faithfully complete that task, and they used that knowledge to use me further as a slave. They took me with them to Tameside College where they would begin building their empire.

There I saw another case of trafficking. A woman happily working in some office in Bangkok met some English man by chance, a match was made then a marriage, the lady knew not that it was engineered and she sold by an agent. She came over to England, soon divorced and stranded, still not knowing that this also was engineered. She dreaded returning to Thailand then, and came this time to the traffickers themselves seeking help, not knowing these for what they were. All the money she had and had not was squeezed out, they made her do indecent things and she became another one of their money pot of a slave thereafter. On another occasion I was with him at Tameside College together with one academic from Śirirạj University in Bangkok who was there with her son considering the latter's education in the U.K. On the way back in his car I told them about God and Christianity, and Krin said to her that my God told me to serve him, namely Krin. I also thought it likely that Krin had harmed my friend the piano student of RNCM back in 1995. I remembered the fear I had for her then while staying in a disused toilet next to an emergency landing above a karaoke above the restaurant Siam Orchid. They also engineered my UK visa refused, so I left them at the end of 2009, went to London by coach and before going to Heathrow to catch my plane to Thailand sought out Scotland Yard, reported to another police station the possibility of what I came across as being a murder and terrorism. It was around 31^{st}December 2009 when I was in London. Thus a possible chain of effects from one traffic. A trafficker heard a man praising a woman he loved, stole his belongings together with all contact details of people he knew. The bride-to-be soon trafficked, the bridegroom-would-be none the wiser fell into the hand of other traffickers. Then another woman silently sympathising him for his lost love was found fatally harmed by these latter.

I came to Glasgow in 2011 and soon decided that the people who were after me were traffickers on top of being terrorists. There were infiltrates among staffs of the City Council, which spilled out into other organisations including Christian charities and missions in the form of prestigious ex-staffs of the local government. They put homeless people into private accommodation at the cost to the government, then kept them there for a long time feeding them with wrong information. They appropriated your original ideas in art, for example my painting *Matthew* which they turned into a pair of eyes in their fraud advertisements. They recruited into their ranks of slave people who took refuge at Christian missions, and trained their terrorists to harm others, for instance by contaminating the food, at these same places using the charity resources they begged of the same. I was targeted at these places, on the street, and on the Internet. They used my Hotmail addresses to open accounts for their evil uses on Facebook, the which lasted two years before I knew. To all the places I frequented for my Christian activities there were these infiltrators tailing after me. There was a certain

Douglas who was with the Lodging House Mission until 2012 who kept me at Copland Hotel for months fed with wrong information; there was a certain Jill Miller who may have been the same Jill M. at Glasgow City Mission. Another was one Frances Curran who, based at Stow College was bullying me to accept her idea of plagiarism being no crime. When I fled from her course after having explained my reason to the Christian organisation concerned who originated the course, she had her college send a letter to me to the effect that I failed that criminality course of hers. In the end plagiarism is fraud, and fraud is crime. Apart from harassment there were also traps intended to harm my reputation and integrity. Then some hired mercenaries threatened to kill me, others followed to harass me in my activities at missions, and at churches I attended. It seemed they badly wanted me out of this country.

They poisoned the mind of Thai people in Bangkok and made the country divisive. They were doing the same thing in Scotland in exactly the same style in their independence campaign. They misused immigration for their gains, and with their terrorism gained more thereof. People who left them and somehow were still allowed in the country were found murdered, or had their family members troubled. I asked some banks about the possibility of opening a bank account under the name of a research for which the money was meant, but was told that was not possible. I asked at Job Centres how one could declare past research fund not meant for oneself, nobody knew the answer nor did they know whom to ask. So I decided to keep no savings and spend all the money for things related to the relevant research.

I went to Japan twice in 2013, the first time of which I turned out to be a victim of a well-targeted hoax by email and Internet. The Chulalongkorn University Alumni's mailing list sent me an email containing a list of countries for which a Thai passport needed no visas. All in that list were genuine except the last one, listed there was Japan. I researched the Internet from computers at Ibrox library and found only confirmation from various sources. So I bought my tickets, went to Japan, had to spend most of the time planned going to Korea instead. I mentioned to airport officers at Narita the nature of the hoax I came across, they kindly let me spend some time in Tokyo, just enough then for me to search for my previous supervisor Professor Furuta. I was not in Tokyo at the time, but I could write to him later.

Then my father died in Thailand, and I thought he was murdered by these same trafficking terrorists who used me. There was a threatening letter addressed to me at their address in Thailand ten days before he unexpectedly passed away, containing things I had said earlier to someone in private five thousand miles away in Glasgow. Other close relatives of mine died in Thailand from some unconvincing chain of cancer cases, whom I had mentioned to Krin. After that I went to Japan again, this time I met Professor Furuta. Together with Professor Iwase I let them know my intention still to complete and submit a doctoral thesis to a university in Japan, and also that the topic would probably change from Control Systems into Language Engineering. I explained to both for half an hour my idea and approach in that field, what I tried to do and how it was important. Then Professor Iwase showed me works done by his group, some of which was related to what I had introduced to our group at Tokyo Institute of Technology back in 1995 when I presented Object-Location in a seminar. Back in the Glasgow I wrote to Professor Furuta and explained to him how Language Engineering could also be applied to their robotic quests, if for instance robots could also do certain things in addition to what they had already achieved under their hand. Also Robotics is important and there could be a robot emergency team to handle such accident as Fukushima's. In the case of the one at Chernobyl a robot I think was sent into the control room to take necessary actions.

Looking at Law for the first time as a lecturer on 5 November 2014 I became fascinated by the subject and realised that it was a key ingredient in the project of simulating human

networks I proposed in 1997. Later on the same month I became interested in machine translation and planned to work towards a translating machine. Regarding the importance of Language Engineering against transnational crime Woody spelt his name as Sirisombandh and Krin his Sirisambhand. But their family name as given by Rạmạ III was Sirisambandh, so it was possible that their British identity and passport said one thing while their Thai's another. Because they wanted me to do illegal things for them and I refused, so they tried to lay traps for me to become a criminal. The criminality course of the pseudo academic was to produce slaves by binding them with fraud, so as they could then be used for other things, for example trafficking and terrorism. Their team of lawyers they considered also to be their slaves, whose use to them is to turn for them legislations into an instrument of crime. Plagiarism was at the root of all frauds, so they tried to inculcate that as a fetter for the slaves.

The sentence structure of Gaelic is VSO, which may not be as unusual as it first appeared considering conjugation of verb normally indicate the subject by an ending following a verbal root. Let the number of Christian in Lạnnạ be x, then $x(6) + (0.04)(64) = 70$. In other words, there are possibly about 11 per cent of the people in Lạnnạ who are Christian, as opposed to the one per cent considering the whole population of Thailand. But these mostly lived along the border with Burma and have their own language, for instance Karen. My hearing problem during October and November 2014 could well have been from some poison, but I did not then know enough of the anatomy of the ear and so managed to make it worse. Then sodium bicarbonate I mistook to be $\hat{\text{n}}_2(co_3)_2$ instead of its $\hat{\text{n}}hco_3$, and so my improvised ear wash may have been more harmful than good. Of course the former would have simply been $2(\hat{\text{n}}co_3)$, the sodium carbonate.

Early November 2014 I visited Dhanyȧ Trịnumitr in Jyangmhaĭ and learnt that he was suffering from a lung cancer. The doctor had used some radiation, and he said it had robbed him of the hearing of his left ear. I had at the time some hearing trouble myself, in my case I did not know them that it was probably from earwax. To simulate a network of people you need to incorporate not only law but also medicine. Back in Glaschu most textbooks on the latter you could not borrow, but from Dickinson (2005) I learnt how some cancer drugs were ototoxic. Though their effects were permanent, these were lessened when given together with paracetamol. The hearing loss of Bì Dhanyȧ could have been because of these drugs. He passed away on Saturday 6^{th}December 2014. A devout Catholic and alumnus of Don Bosco, it was largely under his coaching that the Daiï fencing team of Jyangmhaĭ University always bettered even those of my two home universities, Rạmgamhạeng and Culạlongkaurṅ. If the Daiï terrorists had kept an eye on me, the fact that I always visited him whenever I was in Lạnnạ could have brought him harms from them.

I had experience homelessness, and on 3^{rd} December 2014 went to a Christmas party at a church on Balmore Road. The last item I ate was a dessert of red jelly with cream topping. Walking home that evening until the following morning I felt I was hearing less, the following morning I found I had to strain my ears in order to hear the sound of cars on the road below. I visited Pollokshaws Medical Centre on 4^{th}December 2014. Nobody being there to answer me whether paracetamol could help in some cases of food poisoning I went to Accident and Emergency at Western Infirmaries on my way back from University of Glasgow's Mathematics Department. I wished to see a doctor to ask that question about paracetamol. I was seen by a nurse, to whom I mentioned also the dessert I had the previous night and the terrible experience I had had from Krin. I thought they might not let me see a doctor for such a trivial question, or else send me away after charging me some hefty fee for taking up an emergency time slot without a good cause. Later I was questioned by a surgeon who became convinced that I was mad. I believed in poisoned food no more than she did, but related everything with transparency when asked. I was put to wait for four hours before being driven in an ambulance to the Gartnavel Royal mental hospital. I

was interested for my computer programming for my project to see medical procedures and facilities, and so only asked whether I would be asked to pay for these rare and valuable privileges. At the hospital I was intensively interviewed by one psychiatrist and a nurse. I gave them factual experience from my past and also the suppositions made for my study, the including of these latter of which proved to be a mistake. In simulation they have some value of the possibility of being true no matter how low, yet as such no programmers would busy themselves trying either to prove or disprove them. I was sent home in a paid taxi after two o'clock the following morning, having my madness professionally confirmed. The following day, 5^{th}December 2014 I received a call from a Rossdale crisis team which dealt with mental illness, then another call from Louis Marenghi who threatened on behalf of Glasgow Housing Association to evict me for rent arrears. I agreed to see him on Friday, and made up my mind to move out in order to avoid debts instead of trying to assert my rights the tenancy being secure. Then the crisis team called me again, and I apologised to them for having told the doctors not only suppositions but also those with a meagre probability, instead of nothing but empirical data; I called this an academic gullibility. The crisis team thought I confessed being gullible, and thus probably be suggestible. Though from law I learnt how these latter were terrorists not because they blew themselves up, but because they knowing cause other people harms. In general even any suicide always cause some other people harm, for nobody are ever with no one who love them. I was then sent by Doctor Steve Halliday with urgency to Rossdale Resource Centre with a threat of having the police informed should attempt to let other plans I had make the meeting less urgent by so much as half a day. The psychiatrists wanted to see me again, and so I was there also on 19^{th}December 2014.

From 2015 for my language research I plan to be away from the U.K. a month or so at a time. So I decided to leave my home in Glasgow and to live in the future in temporary accommodation, for example Youth Hostels.

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